

# THE *Shadow*

DYNAMITE 24



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MOTTER

# THE Shadow

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I DON'T GET OUT  
MUCH THESE DAYS, BUT  
I DON'T MISS IT.

SOUNDS LIKE  
HE GOT A BAD BATCH  
OF BATHTUB GIN, IF  
YOU ASK ME.

NO, MY  
NEPHEW GOOD  
WORKER. DIDN'T  
DRINK WORKED  
HARD.

WELL, THEN  
HOW DO YOU  
EXPLAIN HIM JUST  
KEELING OVER AND  
DYING LIKE THAT?  
I MEAN--

UNHHH

WHAT  
THE--?!

UNHHH

UNHHHH







CAN'T BE.  
IT CAN'T BE.


UNHHH

NEPHEW,  
PLEASE, IF THAT  
IS REALLY YOU,  
DON'T--

THE MAN  
BEFORE YOU  
IS NO LONGER  
YOUR NEPHEW,  
MY FRIEND.

IT IS ONE OF THE  
UNDEAD, AND MUST BE  
RETURNED TO THE GRAVE  
WHERE IT BELONGS!

AND I KNOW  
PRECISELY HOW TO  
ACCOMPLISH THIS.



FROM THE OUTSIDE, IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH. JUST ANOTHER CHINATOWN CURIO SHOP, PACKED WITH TRINKETS AND GEWGAWS FOR THE TOURISTS. NOTHING OF VALUE OR INTEREST.



THERE'S A DOOR IN THE BACK OF THE PLACE, THOUGH, THAT IS NEVER OPENED IN FRONT OF OUTSIDERS, AND BEHIND THAT DOOR THERE IS SOMETHING INTERESTING AND VALUABLE.

THE SECRET CHAMBERS OF YAT SOON, THE SELF-STYLED ARBITER OF CHINATOWN. HIS IS THE ONE VOICE THAT ALL THE VARIOUS TONGS WILL HEAR AND OBEY.

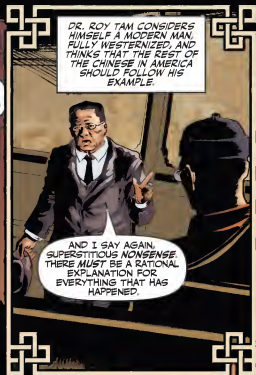
YOU'RE TALKING NONSENSE, YAT SOON. THIS IS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, AFTER ALL.

THE CALENDAR CHANGES BUT IT CANNOT CHANGE WHAT IS REAL. I SPEAK THE TRUTH.



TOO MANY OF OUR PEOPLE HAVE NEGLECTED THE FUNERARY RIGHTS AND VENERATION OF THEIR ANCESTORS. AND THIS RASH OF JIANGSHI ARE THE RESULT.

WE MUST MAKE PROPER OBSERVANCES, RIGHT AWAY.



DR. ROY TAM CONSIDERS HIMSELF A MODERN MAN, FULLY WESTERNIZED, AND THINKS THAT THE REST OF THE CHINESE IN AMERICA SHOULD FOLLOW HIS EXAMPLE.

AND I SAY AGAIN, SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE. THERE MUST BE A RATIONAL EXPLANATION FOR EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED.



OR WILL YOU INSIST THAT THE EXORCIST THAT YOU SHIPPED OVER FROM HONG KONG IS THE ANSWER?

TAOIST PRIESTS HAVE CONTENTED WITH SUCH MATTERS SINCE THE DAYS OF THE YELLOW EMPEROR. I'M CERTAIN THAT ZHANG WILL BE ABLE TO—



MASTER! YOUR PARDON, BUT LOOK!



WE FOUND HIM  
IN AN ALLEYWAY,  
BARELY ALIVE.

I BURKE  
TRIED, BUT  
JUNGH!

THE MAN HAS  
LOST AN INCREDIBLE  
AMOUNT OF BLOOD, AND  
IT LOOKS LIKE HE HAS  
**MASSIVE** INTERNAL  
INJURIES.

ZHANG,  
WHAT HAPPENED?  
WAS THE EXORCISM  
A SUCCESS?

NOTHING...  
NOTHING **WORKED**...  
THE JANGSHI... MY  
TAUISHANS... MY  
PRAYERS... **NOTHING**...  
I... I...

JUNGH!

**KTHUNK**

HE'S DEAD.  
NOW ARE YOU  
READY TO TRY MY  
SUGGESTION?

YES, YES.  
CONTACT OUR MUTUAL  
FRIEND, AND LET US SEE  
WHAT **HE** CAN DO.



COME NOW,  
COMMISSIONER. YOU  
CAN'T BE SERIOUS.


LAMONT, I'M  
SURE HE MUST  
BE JOKING.

AS STRANGE AS IT SOUNDS,  
MISS LANE, I ASSURE YOU I'M  
COMPLETELY SERIOUS.

WE'VE GOT REPORTS  
FROM ALL OVER THE CITY ABOUT  
LAUNDRIES BEING ROBBED OVERNIGHT,  
BUT THE ONLY THING MISSING IN THE  
MORNING WAS SOAP. I TELL YOU.

EXCUSE ME,  
MR. CRANSTON?

THERE'S A  
CALL FOR YOU IN  
THE FOYER.




YES, LAMONT CRANSTON HERE. WHO'S SPEAKING?



BURBANK. WHAT IS YOUR REPORT?


HE KNOWS I WOULD NEVER CALL HIM AT A PUBLIC SETTING LIKE THIS UNLESS IT WERE AN EMERGENCY.

BUT BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW WHO MIGHT BE LISTENING ON ANOTHER EXTENSION IN THE CLUB, I HAVE TO COMMUNICATE IN CODE.



I'VE JUST HAD WORD THAT THERE'S A PROBLEM WITH YOUR CHINESE DELIVERY. BUT THE ORDER IS READY IF YOU WANT TO PICK IT UP IN PERSON.

MY APOLOGIES, COMMISSIONER, BUT I'M AFRAID MARGO AND I MUST RUN.



RETURN HERE  
IN A QUARTER HOUR.  
DO NOT DELAY.

THINK WE'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH  
TIME TO GET A CUP OF COFFEE.  
YOU INTERESTED, MISS  
LANE?

ARE YOU  
BUYING, SHREWWY?  
IF SO, COUNT  
ME IN.

WHAT  
THE--?!

OH, MY!





UNHHH

UNHHH



THAT'S NOT  
POSSIBLE!

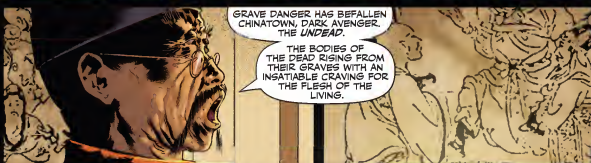
WHY DON'T  
YOU GO TELL  
THEM THAT?





YOU  
SUMMONED ME,  
I AM HERE.

WHAT DO  
YOU REQUIRE  
OF ME?



GRAVE DANGER HAS BEFALLEN  
CHINATOWN, DARK AVENGER.  
THE UNDEAD.

THE BODIES OF  
THE DEAD RISING FROM  
THEIR GRAVES WITH AN  
INSATIABLE CRAVING FOR  
THE FLESH OF THE  
LIVING.



I KNOW THAT  
THE GRAND ARBITER  
OF CHINATOWN WOULD  
NOT REQUEST MY  
PRESENCE SIMPLY TO  
RELATE CHILDREN'S  
BEDTIME STORIES.

THERE  
MUST BE  
MORE TO THIS  
THAN YOU'RE  
SAYING.



I SPEAK THE  
ABSOLUTE AND  
UNVARNISHED  
TRUTH.

THE UNDEAD ARE  
REAL, AND THEY ARE  
THE RISEN BODIES OF  
THE RECENTLY  
DECEASED.



YOU LIVED LONG ENOUGH AMONG OUR PEOPLE TO KNOW THE IMPORTANCE OF RITUAL IN ALL THINGS, FUNERARY CUSTOMS FIRST AMONG THEM.



"AN IMPROPER BURIAL CAN BRING DISGRACE AND MISFORTUNE TO THE FAMILY OF THE DEAD."


"AND LONG AFTER THEY HAVE LEFT THIS LIFE, OUR ANCESTORS ARE VENERATED, THEIR RESTING PLACES TENDED CAREFULLY."




"BUT IF THE DECEASED IS NOT BURIED PROPERLY, OR SOME OTHER CALAMITY BEFALLS, IT IS POSSIBLE FOR THE DEAD TO RISE AGAIN."



"THESE ARE THE JIANGSHI. THE UNDEAD. AND THEY ARE VERY REAL."




THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS "UNDEAD," AND THAT'S COMING FROM SOMEONE WHO HAS SEEN ONE HIMSELF!



"IT WAS JUST TWO DAYS AGO, A WOMAN WALKING DOWN THE STREET SUDDENLY COLLAPSED WITHOUT WARNING."



"HER NEIGHBORS CALLED ME TO THE SCENE, BUT BY THE TIME I GOT THERE, SHE WAS ALREADY DEAD."



"AFTER A THOROUGH EXAMINATION, HER REMAINS WERE SENT TO THE CITY MORGUE, TO BE HELD UNTIL A FUNERAL COULD BE ARRANGED."



"BUT IT APPEARED THAT THE DEAD WOMAN HAD OTHER PLANS, AND JUST GOT UP AND LEFT."



YOUR STORY SEEMS UNLIKELY, DR. TAM.

YOU WON'T GET ANY ARGUMENT FROM ME, AND YET, IT HAPPENED.

YOU SPEAK OF **REASON**, AND YET YOU REFUSE TO ACCEPT THE EVIDENCE OF YOUR OWN SENSES.

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, YAT SOON, IF THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW AS A DOCTOR, IT'S **OBSERVATION**.

NO, THE **SHADOW KNOWS**. ALL OTHER MEN MERELY SUPPOSE.

WE'RE IN HIS HANDS, NOW.

CAN YOU THINK OF SOMEWHERE **SAFER?** BECAUSE RIGHT NOW IN HIS HANDS IS **RIGHT** WHERE I WANT TO BE.





MISTRESS?  
THE FINAL  
SHIPMENT HAS  
BEEN  
DELIVERED.



EXCELLENT.  
IT IS ALMOST  
TIME.








IF THEY'D CALLED, I'D  
KNOW. LIKE I SAID, I DON'T  
GO OUT MUCH.

NOT  
A WORD.



THINGS HAVE  
BEEN PRETTY QUIET  
ACROSS THE BOARD,  
ACTUALLY. NONE OF YOUR  
AGENTS HAVE ANYTHING OF  
PARTICULAR INTEREST  
TO REPORT.



UNDERSTOOD.  
I'LL KEEP THE RADIO  
SWITCHED ON. LET ME  
KNOW IF ANYTHING  
CHANGES.

AAAAAAAA!  
RUN!!



UNHHHH

OH, NO, OH, NO, OH, NO!

WHATEVER YOU ARE, HOWEVER YOU ROSE FROM THE GRAVE, THE SHADOW WILL NOT LET YOU THREATEN THE INNOCENT.

TO THE GRAVE YOU WILL RETURN!

BLAM  
BLAM

BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM

中華國貨承辦處



UNHHH

SHITUNK

IT CAN'T BE.

THE BULLETS  
STRUCK, BUT IT'S AS  
IF THEY DON'T EVEN  
FEEL THEM.

NO, GET  
BACK, ALL  
OF YOU!

UNHHHHH



LIKE I SAID, A QUIET NIGHT,  
WITHOUT MUCH COMING IN  
OVER THE WIRE.

UNTIL....



**BRIINGGG  
BRRRRINGGGG**

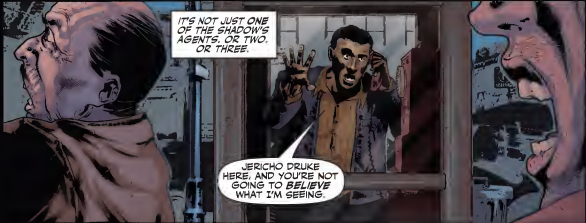
IT'S A GOOD THING I NEVER  
LEAVE MY POST AND SLEEP IN  
MY CHAIR. LIKE I SAID, I DON'T  
GET OUT MUCH THESE DAYS.

BUT THIS TIME, IT'S A  
GOOD THING I DON'T.

THIS IS  
BURBANK. START  
TALKING.







IT'S NOT JUST ONE  
OF THE SHADOW'S  
AGENTS. OR TWO.  
OR THREE.

VERICHO DRUKE  
HERE, AND YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO BELIEVE  
WHAT I'M SEEING.




IT'S PRACTICALLY EVERY  
AGENT WHO LIVES IN THE CITY,  
ALL CALLING IN AT ONCE.

STREETS  
RUNNING RIOT,  
I TELL YOU, THEY  
ARE LEGION.




AND ALL OF  
THEM SAYING THE  
SAME THING, MORE  
OR LESS.

ATTACKING  
PEOPLE, BITING  
THEM.



THE DEAD ARE RISING, AND  
ARE HUNGRY FOR THE LIVING.

THE NEWS DESK  
IS BEING SWAMPED.  
IT'S LIKE THE END OF  
THE WORLD DOWN  
THERE.



BUT WE KNOW WHAT'S  
HAPPENING, WE JUST DON'T KNOW  
HOW, OR WHY. UNTIL...

ATTENTION,  
PEOPLE OF NEW  
YORK.



THIS IS  
YOUR NEW QUEEN  
SPEAKING.



THE UNDEAD  
WHO WALK THE  
STREETS DO SO AT  
MY COMMAND

AND UNLESS  
YOU DO EXACTLY AS  
I INSTRUCT...

"...THEY WILL DESTROY  
THIS CITY AND DEVOUR ALL  
WHO LIVE WITHIN IT."



*TO BE CONTINUED*